

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

DAGG & RICHARDS

BUILDERS,
CONTRACTORS,

AND DEALERS IN
Building Materials

Of All Kinds.

...LUMBER, LIME AND CEMENT...

Give us a call when you need anything in our line.

DAGG & RICHARDS,
HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

SAMUEL HODGSON

Importer and Manufacturer of

Marble and
Granite
Monuments.

TABLETS, ETC.

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

MR. F. M. WHITLOW, of Hopkinsville, Ky., is my solicitor

SEASON OF 1899.

To Our Friends: Another season of seed time is fast approaching, and the wise and prudent farmer will again use the old and favorably known JONES' BRANDS OF BONE AND ANIMAL MATTER FERTILIZERS, that have for many years done their full duty when applied to both Spring and Fall crops. The use of commercial fertilizers is almost universal, and the experience of many years has proven conclusively that ANIMAL MATTER FERTILIZERS are the most complete plant food known, and the fact of putting ACID PHOSPHATE ROCK in a bag and branding it "DIS-SOLVED BONE" does not make it animal matter. Honest strictly pure Animal Matter Fertilizers cost more than rock goods because they are worth more, and we ask that you remember this fact. Our goods go out under our guarantee analysis, and this guarantee is good. We offer our goods on their merits, and refer with great satisfaction to their most excellent reputation in all parts of Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky, where they are extensively used. We respectfully urge you to give the celebrated Jones Fertilizing Co.'s goods a trial on both Spring and Fall crops, and we know satisfactory results and future orders will certainly follow.

A. S. WHITE, Agent, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

THE STAY-AT-HOME.

There's dress an' hood to buy for Jane—
A pair o' pants for John.
A whole outfit for Buster Bill.
An' winter's comin' on.
But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,
Jis laughs, an' never knows
That all on earth she has to wear
Is ole made-over clothes.

There's books to buy for them at school—
It makes a pore man sick
To hear 'em holler 'logically'
An' 'mental arithmetic.'
But, thank the Lord! the stay-at-home
Is mighty cheap to please;
Jis gits the family almanac
An' reads it on her knees.

An' writin' books an' drawin' books—
They never seem to think
How much it costs to buy sich truck.
An' pencils, pens, an' ink.
But little Nan, the stay-at-home,
She knows her daddy's pore;
Jis gits a charcoal pen an' writes
Her lesson on the floor.

There's boots to buy for Buster Bill.
An' boots to buy for John.
An' shoes for Jane an' ma an' I.
Till all my money's gone.
So Nan, the last, the stay-at-home,
Is left to do without;
Jis wears her home-made moccasins.
An' crows, an' crawls about.

'Pears like that all I rake an' scrape
Won't hardly satisfy
The pressin' needs o' Bill an' John
An' Jane an' ma an' I.
But baby Nan, the stay-at-home,
Is full o' sweet content;
Jis cuddles up in daddy's arms
An' never wants a cent.
—George Weymouth, in Century.

Love and War

LIEUT. JOSEPH M'KENNOY had been to the war—as far as Chickamauga. The inducement? He loved a girl; he hoped, but dared not ask, that the girl loved him; but all girls love a hero; therefore he would perform glorious deeds and make the matter sure.

Now the war was over and he was mustered out; his only scar of battle a stiff neck, souvenir of a case of mumps contracted in camp. Alas, hard was fate!

And so it was with doubting heart that he paid his first call. It was sad. He heard sung the praises of the gallant rough riders and the heroic Dewey; he heard the girl declare that did the women have votes Roosevelt should be the next president. Nor was that all. In heartbreaking desperation he had seized the worst possible moment to make an offer of his heart and hand, and the same had been almost contemptuously refused.

"It seems evident," soliloquized Lieut. McKennoy, vouching his way sadly homeward, "that my war record is not my strong suit in this deal. But we shall see, we shall see," and he sat late in his room, smoking many big, strong, meditative pipes.

The next evening he honored Miss Fremont with another call, at which she was scarcely able to conceal her surprise. It did not seem the natural order of things for the rebuffed—nay, almost ridiculed—suitor to bob up serenely. Perhaps her sarcasms had not been appreciated. She would make it certain that this young gentleman should no longer be in doubt as to her sentiments regarding soldiers who allowed themselves to be kept safely in camp, while their brothers—men of sterner stuff—were battling in blood for their country's glory.

"I am so glad that your poor wounded neck does not keep you indoors," was her sarcastic greeting. "Such a serious hurt was enough to keep any man out of battle."

McKennoy smiled grimly. "You are pleased to be facetious, Miss Fremont. But it was not so easy as you imagined to get to the front. We tried our best."

"Yes, you are right. It needed men. Why, from the beginning even the newspapers knew that if there was to be any fighting Teddy's Terrors would be right in the thickest of it, and they were. Col. Roosevelt is a man with a will. Ah! if we poor women could vote, how quickly we would make him president!"

"Yes, so you said last night," interrupted McKennoy, hoping to get her out of that strain.

"Ah, jealous!" she cried, "jealous! Really, Mr. McKennoy, if you are so jealous of those who have proven themselves men of sterner stuff than yourself, you should at least have the tact to conceal it."

"Women were always cruel," the lieutenant remarked, sadly.

"Cruel!" she cried, indignantly, straightening up in her chair. "Cruel! But I noticed that company D was so utterly lacking in cruelty, so fearful of hurting some one, of wounding the poor Spaniards' honor, that they were careful not to leave their camp. Lieut. McKennoy, I should think that you would expire from shame. Twenty thousand heroes bore the suffering of crowded transports and bearded the enemy in his lair. The gallant rough riders charged him the first day. Their brothers, their fighting brothers, were not behind. Their names are writ in blood on the slopes of Caney and San Juan. Nothing kept them from the front. Forward, ever forward, they went right up to the cannon's mouth; 'guns to the right of them, guns to the left of them,' men dropping around them like hail—or—er—bullets—bullets, dropping around them like hail, men falling as—er—as grass before the scythe. Heroes they were, etc."

McKennoy had always known that she was a beautiful girl, but as she stood before him now with eyes flashing, a burning red spot in each cheek, trembling in her enthusiasm, she made such a glorious picture that he vowed a mighty vow in his inmost soul that she should be his; and the rough riders and all the other heroes, individually and collectively, might rot in their graves before they got her.

"In the drama of war, Miss Fremont," he said, "all the star parts are not cast on the field of battle. Some of the sublimest scenes are acted out in the quiet

only by the few. Those whose lot it is to fight, it may be to fall—to shed from bullet wound or saber gash their life's blood—are fortunate, indeed. They may be brave men; they may be cravens who go forward only because they fear the jeers of their comrades; these are onwards. Whatever their impelling motive, they are urged on by the knowledge that an expectant nation at home will greet with loud acclaim their slightest deed; their triumphal arches are sure to be awaiting them. But we poor devils in camp, Miss Fremont—who hears of us, or cares to hear? And yet, believe me, those few who know consider some of us 'camp loungers' as deserving of praise as are any."

He had spoken feelingly, and his listener was becoming impressed.

"I am sure I do not understand," was all she could say.

"How should you? You have heard only one side. You knew Charlie Malloy, the old dressmaker's only son?"

"Well, he died—not gloriously, at the cannon's mouth, but shamefully, cowardly, you would say, in a camp hospital. His last words were—I was with him—'Oh, my poor mother! Who will care for her?' But his was a coward's death, so what does it matter? He only had the fever. And Dr. Stanley—you were berating him last night—'shameful shirk,' I believe, was your rather strong expression. Yet that boy, seeing all his chances of what the multitude, the unthinking, consider the only service deserving plaudits and praise—work on the field of battle—slipping away from him one by one, cheerfully and patiently continued his duties among the sick around him. You no doubt read of Dr. Bob Church's heroism at Las Guasimas. We got the news one night about supper time, and Stanley, giving no sign of the bitter disappointment he was feeling because no such lucky chances were to be his, spent the rest of the night in the hospital caring for his charges, who were not suffering from battle wounds, but only pro-saic fever. There was no glory in it—only duty. And you do not call that noble?"

"Ask some of those poor devils whose lives depended on his tenderness and skill at Chickamauga, Miss Fremont, and they will tell you stories of that youngster that should make you proud to call him your friend."

"I had never thought of all that," she said.

"There were a hundred chances of dying in our camp," he continued, as she did not speak, "to one among those heroes at Santiago. They could lie in their trenches, secure from Spanish bul-



"I HAD NEVER THOUGHT OF ALL THAT," SHE SAID.

lets, but how could we dodge the contagion of typhoid, of malaria, of—er—of mumps?" (She was a young thing.) "Death was in the air we breathed, in the water we drank. Far be it from me to praise myself, Miss Fremont; but when a fellow has tried his best, and done his full duty, too, if I do say it, it comes hard on him to be abused and ridiculed, especially," in a lower tone, "by one from whom he had hoped such different things."

McKennoy had risen and stood looking around as if for his hat. He had left it in the hall, as he well knew.

"Surely, you are not going so early?" she said, in sudden anxiety, laying her hand on his arm.

"Yes, I do not feel as if I could bear more to-night."

"I did not mean to hurt you; I did not mean to be cruel," said the girl.

"I suppose I will have to get used to that sort of thing," he answered, martyrlie. "I should be thankful to be safely out of that death's hole, where so many brave fellows—ah, pardon me, cowards—were left in their graves. My souvenir will soon be healed," and he moved his neck stiffly, an expression of pain flitting over his face.

"Oh, Mr. McKennoy—Joseph—forgive my cruelty!"

"Yes, Miss Fremont, I do. It hurts, but you did not know. I forgive you freely."

"O—"

"I would say more, would say again that I love you, but you would consider it no honor to be loved by a coward."

"Joseph—my dearest—hush. I never said that; I never meant it. You are the most really brave, noble man"—(in some way or other she was in his arms by this time)—"Oh, be careful of your poor neck."

"It hurts only when I turn it sideways, not when I bend it straight down," and Lieut. Joseph McKennoy kissed Miss Louise Fremont again by way of illustration.

Which, I suppose, makes an end of this story.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Japan Publishing Books.

The Japanese now publish three times as many books as the Italians, whose literary powers seem to have faded almost entirely away. Out of 25,000 volumes published last year in the land of flowers no less than 500 were law books and 1,300 treated on religion, which shows that the romantic little nation has not taken kindly to any

Perfect Health.

Keep the system in perfect order by the occasional use of Tott's Liver Pills. They regulate the bowels and produce

A Vigorous Body.
For sick headache, malaria, biliousness, constipation and kindred diseases, an absolute cure.

TUTT'S LIVER PILLS
A Sabbath day's journey was about an English mile.

A TIMELY HINT.

You should be wise and see that your blood is rich and pure and your whole system put in a perfectly healthy condition by the use of Dr. Carleton's German Liver Powder. Then you will be free from malaria, typhoid fever, colds and the grip. Dr. Carleton's German Liver Powder is the best medicine money can buy. For your Cold try Dr. Otto's Spruce Gum Balsam. Price 25c and 50c a Bottle.

Ande son & Fowler

A day's journey was about twenty-three and one-fifth miles.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

People who get awake too soon always act as if some other member of the family owes them money.

The family that keeps on hand and uses occasionally the celebrated PRICKLY ASH BITTERS is always a well regulated family.

Inconstancy is other people's failure to respond to friendliness we have neglected to show.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

A woman can't strut quite so much in a made-over frock as she can in a brand-new one.

Pimples, boils and humors show that the blood is impure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier that money can buy.

To pass under a ladder is a sign of bad luck—especially if your foot touches the ladder.

I was reading an advertisement of Chamberlain's Cough, Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy in the Worcester newspaper recently, which I had seen in this. I can truthfully say I have used any remedy I could find for cough and colic, but I have never used one so effective as this. I have used it to cure the colic of my wife and child. W. A. STROUD, Poplarville, Miss. Prescribed by R. C. Hardwick, Druggist.

Familiarity breeds Contempt; as we get to know others we think less of ourselves.

A word to the wise is sufficient and a word from the wise should be sufficient, but you ask, who are the wise? Those who know. The oft-repeated experience of trustworthy persons may be taken for knowledge.

Mr. W. M. Terry says Chamberlain's Remedy gives better satisfaction than any other in the market. He has been in the drug business at Elkton, Ky., for twelve years; has sold hundreds of bottles of this remedy and nearly all cough medicines manufactured, which shows conclusively that Chamberlain's is the most satisfactory to the people, and is the best. For sale by R. C. Hardwick, Druggist.

Quinine is wonderful—it has even been known to knock unrequited love endways.

"The blood is the life." Science has never gone beyond that simple statement of scripture. But it has illuminated that statement and given it a meaning ever broadening with the increasing breadth of knowledge. When the blood is "bad" or impure it is not alone the body which suffers through disease. The brain is also clouded, the mind and judgment are affected, and many an evil deed of impure thought may be directly traced to the impurity of the blood. For one can be well balanced in mind and body whose blood is impure. No one can have a wholesome and pure life unless the blood is pure. Foul blood can be made pure by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When the blood is pure, body and brain are alike healthy and life becomes a daily happiness.

Free.—Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, 1008 pages, 700 illustrations, is sent free on receipt of stamps to defray expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

We drop a big job for a little one when we neglect ourselves to reform others.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarella Candy Cathartic, 10c, or 25c. If C. C. C. fail, drug-

L. & N. R. R.

THE GREAT

Through trunk Line

between the

Cincinnati, Lexington, Louis-

ville, Evansville, St. Louis,

And the cities of

Nashville, Memphis, Mont-

gomery, Mobile, and New

Orleans

WITHOUT CHANGE

AND SPEEDY TRAVEL

Pullman Palace Cars

for Atlanta, Savannah

Macon, Jackson-

ville and points

in Florida.

Connections are made at Guthrie and

Nashville for all points

North, East, South and West.

In Pullman Palace Cars.

EMIGRANTS Seeking homes

on the line of

this road will receive special low rates

See agents of this company for rates

routes &c., or write to

C. P. ATMORE, G. P. & T. A.

Louisville

THE ALAMO

SAN ANTONIO.

FRISCO LINE

St. Louis & San Francisco R.R.

THROUGH CAR ROUTE

BETWEEN

ST. LOUIS

AND

SPRINGFIELD

JOPLIN PITTSBURG

WICHITA

EUREKA SPRINGS

FT. SMITH PARIS

DALLAS

SAN ANTONIO

HOUSTON

GALVESTON

Solid Vestibuled Trains with Pullman Sleepers

and Reclining Chair Cars. Harvey Dining Halls.

Maps, time tables and full information furnished

upon application to

W. C. NEVILL, GEO. T. NICHOLSON,

Travel Agent, Gen'l Pass. Agent,

ST. LOUIS, MO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

ALL THE

CITIES

OF THE NORTH

NORTH-EAST AND

NORTH-WEST

ARE BEST REACHED

VIA THE

Evansville & Terre Haute R.R.

2 THROUGH

VESTIBULED

TRAINS DAILY

NASHVILLE

TO CHICAGO

F. P. JEFFRIES, G. P. A. D. H. HILLMAN, G. S. A.

EVANSVILLE, IND. NASHVILLE, TENN.

EVANSVILLE, ST. LOUIS & TEX

AS RAILWAY.

WEST BOUND

No. 59. Daily.

No. 61. Daily.

Evansville 6:30 a.m.

West Point 7:20 a.m.

Brandenburg 7:50 a.m.

Irvington 8:20 a.m.

Stephensport 8:50 a.m.

Cloverport 9:18 a.m.

Hawesville 9:44 a.m.

Lewisport 10:08 a.m.

Owensboro 10:48 a.m.

Spotsville 11:01 a.m.

AR Henderson 11:55 p.m.

WEST BOUND

No. 62. Daily.

No. 64. Daily.

Evansville 7:20 a.m.

Spotsville 7:45 a.m.

Owensboro 8:27 a.m.

Lewisport 8:57 a.m.

Hawesville 9:20 a.m.

Cloverport 9:57 a.m.

Stephensport 10:18 a.m.

Irvington 11:00 a.m.

Brandenburg 11:28 a.m.

West Point 12:05 p.m.

AR Louisville 1:00 p.m.

For further information, address

H. C. MORDEN, A. G. P. A.

of

W. L. MILLS,

Owensboro, Ky.

W. W. GRAY:

TONSorial ARTISTS.

WEST SEVENTH STREET,